

CANIBUS
WHO STOPPED YA

MY NAME IS
NOBODY

WWW.MICCLUB.NET

Canibus Lyrics

"Intro / My Name Is Nobody"

[Canibus]

Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

What's my name?

Say my name!

What's my name?

Yo

I never rocked wit Nas, I never rocked wit Rakim Allah

I never gave y'all a hundred bars

I never walked among the stars, I never rocked a mic on tour

Never made some groupie bitch drop her drawers

Never had a menage-a-troi, with girls lickin' my balls while I eat em'

Nah, I never done that neither

And I never wore that white wife beater

On the video set with the Lost Boyz and Dogg Pound and smoked reefer

I never had a Source quoteable

I never rocked 50 bar vocals, on Beasts From the East wit Reggie Noble

Never spit wit Keith Murray or Little Jamal

I never rocked on stage at the Apollo at all

To this day, if someone asked me "why were you silver on MTV?"

I have to just tell them it wasn't me

Cause I'm nobody

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, I never been at the Mardi Gras, suckin' on ta-tas

I never been to LA, or crissed to Ya Ya's

I never been overseas

I never been to Amsterdam walkin' right past the cops smokin' some trees

I never had a battle with about a dozen emcees

And simultaneously I brought 'em all to their knees

I never been off the scene to long

Never been totally gone, never appeared on a shitload of songs

I never rocked with Eminem yet, yeah thats true

People'll talk about it from now to the day that I do

But I never made an impact

I never changed rap, infact, sometimes I wish I could take it all back

I didn't sell enough units

I said I was the illest alive, and I didn't prove it

I probably look stupid

I guess I'm nobody

I guess I'm nobody

I'm so so sorry

[Chorus]

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody (Nigga I ain't nobody to know)

My name is Nobody (Get it?)

[Canibus]

Yo, yo

It's like the rap community doesn't know what to do with me

What if there was two of me?

What if I persuaded some bitches to reproduce with me

And create a whole crew of me?

Only those that are as cruel as me, can rule with me

I got a secret let's keep it between you and me

And when I'm forgotten, you can say this at my eulogy

You can say this at my eulogy

You can say this at my motherfucking eulogy

Canibus Lyrics

"Stupid Producers"

[Hook:] These stupid producers [x8]

Yo, wassup my main man?
(Yo wassup Canibus?)
What's your name? (DJ R2-D2)
I heard you got beats
(C'mon nigga, I got beats of pain)
Yeah I hear what you sayin, but are they flames?
(My shit is John Blaze)
You got a card or somethin? (Nah)
Put your number on the CD, I'll give you a call or somethin
(It's just, I'm not gon' be here for long)
How long you in town?
(About a week or so)
Where you stayin at man?
(I'm stayin with my manager)
Who's your manager, him over there? (Yeah)
The nigga with the Southpole sweatsuit and permed hair?
(Yeah! I been with him for 12 years!)

Listen don't even trip, I just want some beats to finish my shit
(How you tryin to come this time?)
I'm lookin for some hard shit (some hard shit?)
Yeah, like some Beat Brokers or Mark Sparx shit
(Whatever you want, I can play it Canibus)
Huh, play what?
(The track, when do you want me to lay it?)
Lay what? (See, aight nigga, keep sleepin. I got heat!)
Yo relax my main man I'ma call you, peace
I got back to the crib, popped in the CD
And turned it up loud to see if had some real beats
...I heard somethin I felt
I hit the nigga on the cell to see if it was for sale
Yo can I speak to DJ... (who dis? Canibus?)
Yo I'm feelin tracks 2 and 6
(Those tracks are reserved!)... Whatever
Bottom line: you give me the tracks, I give you the cheddar
(Cheddar? Yeeah!)

We can do it around 10pm (That's too late man)
In the studio off of Lankershim
(Can you come pick me up, nigga?)
At that point, I didn't even feel like answerin him
Stupid-ass motherfuckin producer got me real upset
And I ain't even got to work with him yet
I showed up at 10:30, so I was already late
He showed up after me and forgot to bring his own DAT tapes
He shook my hand with both of his hands
And told me he could play it over again with both of his friends

Yo, as long as I get tracks 2 and 6
I don't give a fuck who really produced the shit
Just DO the shit (Okay, calm down...
You better watch who you beef with nigga, for real!)
When I get back, I want it laid
(You gonna pay me tonight?)
Yeah you gonna get paid!
I'ma leave, jump in the car, speed
Go to my man, get some trees
Get somethin to eat and I'll be back by 3 (Aiight)

[Hook x4]

[Over hook] Will you be done by then?
(It's gonna be fire nigga, trust me!)

Hold up
Five hours later you ain't laid nothin?
Not one piece of percussion?
You mean to tell me you ain't pressed one button?
You think this is motherfuckin pre-production or somethin?
You know we ain't got a budget
Who told you to order lunch, bitch?
(Hold up Bis, you ain't got no love for me?
Your name's Canibus and you ain't got no bud for me?)
You know what? Fuck it, I don't even want it no more
Cause the track you sellin me probably ain't even yours (WHAT?!)

[Hook x12]

"I can't stop these teardrops of mine..." *[repeat till fade]*

Canibus Lyrics

"The Dungeon"

(feat. Kurupt)

[Canibus]

It's like this y'all, Canibus y'all
About to rip y'all with the raw shit y'all
With my hard core raw dog Kurupt
'Bout to blow this shit the fuck up
It's two-thousand B.C., 'bout to take it to
two-thousand A.D
Yea, my mother fucking man Ray on the track
Check it out

[Canibus]

Yo, yo
It's two-thousand A.D.: After Disaster
Fly's buzz around a million rappers cadavers
Never been the type to talk
My ice-grill's like, looking down the wide jaws of a white shark
'Bout to rip off your arms like perforated paper
A hundred times more sharper than stainless steal razors
Shock you with an electrically charged taser
'Till you turn blue in the face, and die from asphyxiation
The stench of a thousand ounces
Grab you by the throat and blow my second-hand weed smoke down it
Don't give a fuck what month you dropping in
I'll be in the Dungeon hollering, 'fuck you and your cult following'
You cum-swallowing transsexual fag
With crabs, and breasts that sag, dressed in drag
Running full-paged ads in the porno mags
With pictures of you with a dick in your mouth and a dick in your ass
Kurupt where you at?
Yea, the Dungeon style

Yea, the dungeon

Yo

Lyrically, I'm bananas

My tongue moves like Hindu belly-dancers performing tantra
I blur your vision like slow shuttled speeds on the camera
Get up in that ass like colon cancer
Brain cells handpicked
Organically enhanced with third millennium medical standards
My D.N.A. was tampered with
By genetic engineers with scholarship grants that stupid in Stanford
Canibus, too advanced for this shit
Turn spit to gas vapour, then back to spit
Your style is one-quarter bull, one-quarter horseshit
One-quarter garbage, and one-quarter nonsense
Make you nauseous 'till you vomit

Like the Backwards Pharcyde video going forwards
As I drink the blood of a thousand emcees
I can tell by the taste of the pulp if they was hand-squeezed
This is Transylvania, vampire mania
You should be afraid of my fangs in your neck draining you
I was made to bust, made to crush
Any mic me and Kurupt touch, turn to dusk
See? I'm as dangerous as they come
Dangerous with or without a gun, I've been dangerous since day one
Rhyme flows explode like pyros
Stick to your ribs like chicken and thick gravy from Roscoes
Get your head flown if you dumb in the dome
Or struck with some stones 'till you feel numb in the bones
You better keep your big mouth closed
'Fore I stick the muzzle of the chrome in that hole under your nose
Send a signal to my index, and tell it to fold
In the direction of my wrist bone to release your soul
I told you to freeze, if I was you I would have froze
But you chose the other route and got blown full of holes
Pistol to your mug, cripple your tongue, rip through your lungs
Write your name on your tombstone scribbled in blood
Give me a little love
There anybody out there that never felt one rhyme that Can-I-Bus bust?
You a liar, liar, pants on fire
Watch the G.O.A.T. with the ghost-writer get slaughtered by a tiger
Seen him in the Pun video holding up his lighter
Smeared his career like doo-doo inside a diaper
My style is sicker than, infected women and men
I'm so raw, I can catch AIDS without sticking it in
Flip and dip like shrimps and scampi
Switch language like a black kid raised by a Spanish nanny
And we do it like that when we in the dungeon
Past the motherfucking mic to Kurruption

Canibus Lyrics

"U Know Who"

You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you

You know who snatched the mic from you know who
I still got a lot of fight in me too
It's the dragon in me, against the tiger in you
It's already around my neck, they want to tighten the loop
Ten steps ahead, twenty steps behind you
Spit a rhyme in your ear just to frighten your boo
Most niggaz rather ask me, 'You nicer than who?'
When they really want to ask me, 'Who's nicer than you?'
The mic on the bicep is the proof, it ain't a lie it's the truth
I'm just doing what I'm [_A_] to do
I'm a two-thousand and two Canibus type-two
Mic guru with gurus and [_B_] too
Modules with blood vessel designed tube and
My mind is moving to rewrite blueprints with new ink
Click on Canibus and choose a link
I abuse how you think, just get off my dick
Rhymes so cold, I spit block-ice
Gotta wear night socks at night, to stop vocal cord frostbite
The R-type I.P.P.E.R. aconite
Burning [_C_] and dark Hip-Hop nights

[illegible]

Canibus Lyrics

"Broke Ass"

Yo

I done been from Jersey to Brooklyn
Done been through Queens where the crooks hang
Done been on tour doing group thangs
'Cause I'm always tasting that pootang
Really love it when a girl got a cute name
Got a cute attitude and a cute frame
Got a big ass butt, breasts, and no brain
Them things make a nigga want to shoot game
Now check it, I done been through a few thangs
Done seen a lot more than some loose change
Always been open minded to new thangs
Been a Hip-Hop nigga since youth man
Beat-box and break-dance too man
Used to do electric boogaloos man
Do Egyptian love with two hands
I remember when I lived down south, yo
In a hot ass one story house, yo
Where the A.C. was always going out, yo
Sometime spend a whole day outdoors
We had a block-party, barbeque
Eating food, in the pool
Music got us in that mood
Everybody act a fool
I'ma tell you like this man
Every night I go down to the city man
To the gentlemen's club where my niggaz hang
Them stripper chicks know how to strip man
DJ's be spinning them hits man
Play the Cash-Money clique and the Jigga man
Them hoes be thick but sick man
Every stripper think a mother fucking rich man
Like Sisqo, the R&B singing man
Think I got a bank account with a million man
Case of Crystal cost about six grand
Bitch better get a less expensive brand
Got to stick to the budget when I trick, man
How about ten dollars for a sip, man?
My whole dance for a ten dollar tip, man
Still waiting on my royalty check, man
How about a rain-check next time, yo?
How about a handful of coupons, yo?
How about tickets to my next five shows
Turn around, let me test that behind, yo
I love a fine ho

Girl, why you trying to get loud, screaming lies

Acting surprised, rolling your eyes
You act like a nigga done committed a crime
You know my elbow just brushed your thigh
Now them guys, twice my size
Trying to throw a nigga like me outside
I be up in this club all the time
But it's the first time that I crossed the line
Damn girl, why you so mean to me?
You know I can't leave, I done lost my keys
Don't throw me out, Mr. Bouncer, please
Let me take the girl up to V.I.P
She was just playing 'cause I'm low on cheese
Look at it, she only got eyes on me
They bloodshot red, so she's smoking weed
You know how these stripper chicks love to tease
I think I left my cell phone back at my seat
I had a couple of drinks and I need a receipt
Follow me to the bathroom to pee
I keep about three G's in my briefs
Damn baby boy, you done ripped my sleeve
I ain't trying to beef, give me room to breath
Why I got to leave, tell me what I done?

God damn girl, give a nigga some love
I'm all out of dubs but I'll give you some ones

Canibus Lyrics

"Get Off Ya Knees"

[Hook]

Get Off Ya Knees!
Change your style cause its time
Nigga's want me to rhyme pre-99
No-one can flow with Bis, Most people notice
But others just won't admit, They can't get over it
Rhymes I been known to spit, Mic's I been known to grip
Makes me the Ultimate, God father over this
I'm just a ghost of rip
A soldier in this show business don't exist if he has no defence
My opponents are so intent, not to show respect
They fret cause I'm a global threat
I'm so hard to catch, a cold with Caleb
I relocate so quick they can't close the net
I expose the press, dispose of the prints
On the loose again nobody knows what's next
My virus infects
Every machine with clandestine speech
Nigga Get Off Ya Knees!

[Hook]

Yeah!
Hip-Hop's habitat, Rip the Jacker's back
This is battle rap, def while I master tracks
I mix ant with thrax in your digestive track
I suggest its wack then I side-step to the back
I kidnap your X, For 10 million franks
Make you shit your pants, you smell like septic tanks
Just respect it man throw a fist in the air
The distance is Near, Armageddon is here
I permeate UN-worldly planes
as they crash in the worlds that trades only my words remain
Altruist Egoist - people are ignorant
what is the meaning of meaningless meaningfulness?
Formulas of primordial audio
40 ohms of euphorial anointed flows
It was written so it shall be told
Get off Ya knees, give me the microphone
Fucker

[Hook]

My man-hood is massive, when it's not flaccid
Bis is real cool when he's not Rip the Jacker
I am modernist, I am complex

Vicarious logic of bodily hardship
Beat your ass till your teeth mash
Sand blast your face blow a breeze past, make you bleed fast
E-K-G's beep fast, Doctors speak fast
For skin graft the patch over deep gash
Give me details, how does meat smell?
After a train derails into a field of gazelles!
Step in the club; turn the crystal in your cups to red blood
Fuck Ya Heads up!
Suspend me from the game don't mention my name
Impossible Can-I-Bus drugs in your brain
Don't be a schmuck
You act like a movie I've proved I'm the illest you cannot dispute me
Get Off Ya Knees

Canibus Lyrics

"Who Stopped Ya?"

Yo, who stopped ya?
Separate the rappers from the actors
The doctors from the proctobiologists
Can't speak with common sense
You got a dent in the medulla oblongata
And lost some skills, five Percent
Imma rock again
How much you wanna bet
Might throw a little fit
Drown you with a little spit
From the USA to Cairo
Took the high road to Mohenjodaro
Cause I'm a pharaoh
If there was no tomorrow
I'd still be the most sophisticated model of wordological babble
The speech is called double speak
For example if I said I was to bust the heat
Till the sky touch your feet
Open your eyes look at the concrete
My name aint Germaine now you got the wrong beef
It aint Canibus neither you got the wrong leaf
You think Hitler's dead but you got the wrong teeth
Like me rockin on another beat, right now
While you still listenin to this one, blah-dow
Being followed by a black cloud
So imma just keep on rhyming and look at the ground
I'll look up if you pass it around
I'm the best lyricist hands down
Motherfucker just look at your hands now
Who stopped ya? Rap tighter than an anaconda
Only one problem my work com sucks
Syllables rush through the position of the teeth and the tongue
Mouth to mic to speakers till its deep in your drum
Speak with the tongue till sounds like I'm speakin in tongues
When I'm done I'll leave you needing a lung
Don't have to get up
Cause I been up
Doin sit ups and chin ups
And an army chin up, I rip shit up
Punch y'all for pair of fist cuffs with fist clutch
When I'm getting my dick sucked I resuscitate sick sluts
Gettin they clits mixed up
Stick a plug in the butt
OK Bis you been explicit enough
Who stopped ya, who stopped ya?

Canibus Lyrics

"My Home Atlanta"

It's that crunk crew, it's that crunk crew
Blackened brothers in that crunk crew yeah

[Chorus x2]

I love my home Atlanta
My red and blue bandanas
My slackin southern grammar
Them sexy go-go dancers
Cadallacs on hammers to braves hogs ballers and bangers
Those marijuana smokers them marijuana planters

I wake up in the morn
Turn my playstation on
Just bought that NFL blitz and that basketball
I be deriving songs
To see what's goin on
I let my hair grow long maybe braid it in the fall
Whenever I get bored
I just jump in my car
I go to Lennox mall and look for independent broads
Sometimes I get annoyed
They treat me like a scrub
I go down to the schools
Maybe I'll get more love
3 pm in the evening
I'm on the highway speeding
My front left tire's leakin
Should have bought a new one last week-end
I guess I wasn't thinking
Up ahead break lights were blinkin
For more than 30 minutes I was stuck in gridlock prison
This traffic drives me crazy
Goin west on 280
Five a bitch almost made me
Crash into her Mercedes
I'm glad I almost missed her
I pushed the clutch and shifted
It was a white lady I'd rather hit a sister
Cause see I know the system
It's easier to trick them
I use my g to pimp em and convince them I'm the victim
Naw baby you hit me
No I was in lane 3
You need some contacts you can't see
Naw girl you can't blame me
Don't panic just be patient
Give the bitch the wrong information

She'll probably never claim it scared of high insurance payments
I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

The land of pretty peaches
Girls with round features
Make a nigga say good Jesus these hos are dime pieces
Start it off like what's your name
Tell me what's your age
You got a man
Can we be friends
I'm glad you feel that way
Come on and ride with me
I'll take you to that crunk bar where them sharks eat
5 stars baby
bon appetite
I got that shrimp appetizer with that dark meat
If shorty wanna creep
I'll bring her home with me
Just bought some candles and that Carl Thomas cd
Bootleg that Jay-Z
Stole that Outkast
Been had that Keith Sweat
I know how to make it last
Smack that naked ass
You got a big butt.
I ain't in no rush plus she like it rough
Keep your stuff locked leather and handcuffs
And those things you wrap around a mans you know what
That's why I love Atlanta I can hardly stand-up
I'm a heavy drinker
Fix me a cup and sinker
I always love Atlanta
That's why I love Atlanta I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

As a youngster I was so damn bad
Used to drive up the Ave with no tags
Niggas couldn't see me I was goin so fast
Most niggas catch whiplash and crash
Face all chipped up from the glass
Runnin from the police holdin ass
If I get caught I'll just give them some cash
Most police give me dap and laugh
Other ones pull out behind the flash
Take the night stick and tap the glass
Tell me turn the music on it's on blast
Turn the engine off cause I'm wastin gas
Tell him that I'm lost and I need a map
Looking for a hotel to take a nap
Freenik off so I came for that

It was good last year that's why I'm back
That's when they tried to hit me
His big fist barely missed me
I have my camera with me
I think I'll sue the city
I love this place Atlanta that's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Is Alive"

Oh no! He's alive!

Rip the Jacker!

Master!

Please help us!

Please please ahhhh!

I'm the real king of my kingdom
I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner
Shielded behind fire walls with water doors
Down the gaseous corridor
Welcome to my world of horror
A coroner with an immortal ora
The rhyme slinging highlander ripper rip you to live longer
Get strong every record that I record
Morph my arms into a sword and clothesline you running forward
You can't ignore Bis Mothafucker I started this
As far as artists that spit Canibus is dominant
Hot shit from a lava pit
Studied by oceanographers
At the oceans bottom with rocket ship sound effects
A ripper in the flesh signed in ink, nigga
You ain't ill if you need time to think
You talk shit my personality splits
You get ripped and that's it
A (True Hollywood Story) bitch
In my world Jermaine's gone Canibus is just a Monica
Stay behind to follow up and demolish you fucks
Can-I-bus (Yeah!) now that's what I'm talking bout
Call me Mr. spit shit also known as toilet mouth
Y'all been warned about a million times
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85
When I'm writing I'm impervious to fraud
My fine arts verbal collage is worthy of the gods
When I'm 30 years old I'ma quit rhyming
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme
Nobody safe nobody say that they great
I'll put a Jacker's whole body in a crate
Trap your soul in an electromagnetic face
Put the crate on a wide-low rider and drive it in a lake
Look in my eyes then look in my face
Nobody's here to arbitrate
Realise its time for your fate

